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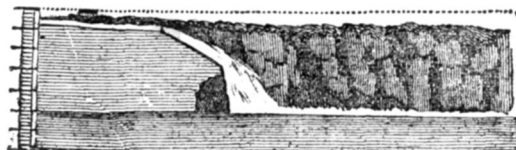
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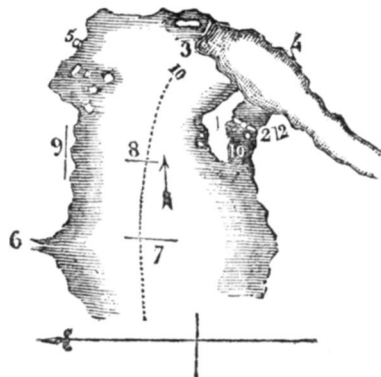
them it is contracted to a width of about two hundred yards, and rushes through the wall-sided rent or chasm already described, at a depth below the level of the banks, varying from two hundred to three hundred feet. The cataract in its descent into the frightful pool, which receives it, takes with it a vast quantity of air which, repelled from the bottom, raises the water in several places into conical jets, some attaining a height of nearly one hundred feet. The contending currents created by the falling waters, are manifested in whirling and foaming eddies, and at a sharp turn of the river, about five miles below the Fall, the toiling and troubled waters form a whirlpool, according to Mr. Bouchette, as appalling in its appearance as the cataract itself. About nine hundred yards below the Falls, a ferry is established; and the last mentioned gentleman suggests the possibility of throwing a suspension bridge across, above the place where the ferry is now the only communication, from which, he says, a splendid view of this interesting scene, would be obtained.



Perpendicular Rock of Limestone and Slate.



Abrupt termination of the Precipice at Queenston.



That this plan, if practicable, will be carried into effect at no very distant period, is not improbable, as it is in contemplation to found a city on the spot, which is to be called the City of the Falls. The industry and enterprise of our American and Canadian brethren, have opened approaches to it from every side. Quebec, Montreal, Washington, New York, Philadelphia, and several other great and populous towns, may be said to be already connected with it by the inland navigation of lakes, rivers, and canals. The air there is salubrious—the country free from swamps, and fertile—the necessities of life are cheap and abundant, and its luxuries easily procured. Above the cataract are hot springs (9) of a very high temperature, which may hereafter be found to possess valuable medicinal qualities. None of these circumstances have escaped the lynx eye of commercial enterprise, and a company of gentlemen of the highest respectability, amongst whom may be mentioned, the Hon. W. Allan President of the Bank of Upper Canada, Mr. I. Buchanan, His Majesty's Consul, New York, Hon. Mr. T. Clarke, Hon. Mr. Dunn, Receiver General, Lieutenant-General Murray, British Army, and several others, have purchased Mr. Forsyth's house, (a) and the adjoining land. Already the busy hum of preparation is heard: land is to be appropriated for a public promenade or park, to be ornamented with grottoes, bowers, and every attractive object which taste can suggest, or luxury require. Cottages are to be erected for the accommodation of those visitors who wish for domestic privacy—these are to be furnished. Lots of ground have

been allocated for building, and are now for sale under the superintendence of a resident agent. Streets have been struck out—General Murray has already fixed his residence there; and a lady from the vicinity of London, has opened a boarding-school. A table d'hôte has been established at both hotels, the building of one of which, the Pavilion Hotel, which stands within less than one hundred yards of the Falls, cost ten thousand pounds; and such is the concourse of visitors, that it lets for a rent of five hundred pounds a year. We should not omit to mention, that sites have been selected for the erection of houses of worship, for almost every religious persuasion; and here, when the "pealing anthem" mingles with the thunders of the falls, insensible must be the heart that will require from human lips a lesson on the omnipotence of the Creator. We cannot, however, conclude without expressing a doubt, whether the scenes exhibited in a fashionable and populous city, will harmonize well with the Falls of Niagara. We think that solitude should reign around it, and would heighten, if possible, its effect. We are, we confess, inclined to think, that he who can duly appreciate its magnificence will steal from the bustling intercourse of society, and as he contemplates it, will recur in fancy to those remote periods, when its eternal roar awoke no echoes but those of primeval forests, and when few steps were turned towards it, save those of the red hunter,

"Whose untutored mind

Saw God in clouds, or heard him in the wind."

And who, while he offered his silent adoration to the "Father of the Waters," but yielded the instinctive homage of his heart to the "Unknown God," through one of the most stupendous of his earthly works. H.

THE DREAMERS.

A TALE OF IRISH LIFE.

It was on a fine harvest-morning, when nature, decorated in her rich robe of matured beauty, wears the smiling appearance of pleasure and plenty, that old Nona na bocough (Nona the Cripple) sat on the little bench outside of her cabin door. She was up, and stirring earlier than usual on this particular morning, and she gazed round her inquiringly, as the rising sun darted his yet nearly horizontal beams over the landscape full against the walls of her cottage, which was situated in a little woody dingle by the side of a large rath, and at a little distance before her door ran a sweet clear babbling brook. Nona lived alone—a solitary being—no person knew who she was, for she came a stranger to the country, and she had the wisdom to keep her own secret. She knew no one out of the village, and few except her near neighbours ever paid her a visit; but by them she was loved and respected. Still she seemed a person who had at one time mixed with what might be comparatively termed genteel society; she had much experience and worldly wisdom, and made herself as useful to the simple people about her, by her advice and instructions, as by her skill in fashioning their different articles of dress. She was shrewd, yet superstitious withal, and a great observer of signs and prognostics. She visited the sick, and prescribed simple remedies, chiefly composed of herbs with the nature of some of which she seemed to be partially acquainted; and the rustics had more faith and confidence in her medicines than in the prescription of the most celebrated physician. She looked sharply about her as she sat at her cabin door this beautiful morning. "Well," she said, thinking aloud, "it's not for nothing that the rap came to my door so early, before the birds were awake on the boughs—and it's not a good sign to see a black beast or bird the first in the morning—and I did not like that raven I saw flying about Ulick Maguire's house when I looked out—besides, I have been dreaming that one of my teeth fell out last night; umph! I'll lose a friend—I'll lose a friend that's certain; however the will of God be done; he knows what is best for us, what we can't know ourselves; and that he'll give us, glory be to his high and holy name. But as I live here's Kathleen coming in haste—I hope there is no harm."

The person she spoke of was a young girl about fourteen or fifteen years of age who with flying hair, flushed countenance, kilted petticoat, and bare legs, came running to her.

"Well, Kathleen do you want me, or what is the matter with you?"

"Oh, Nona, the mistress wants you above the world;

she says you must come over immediately ; she has something to say to you."

"Is she sick, Kathleen?—is Ulick sick?—or has any thing happened good or bad?"

"Why they are all well, thank you kindly Nona—but the mistress is some way uneasy in her mind and wants to see you about it."

"Well tell her, Kathleen, that I'll be over after you the very minut I put on my clean cap and kerchief. I'll make no delay."

"Well good morning Nona."

"Good morning, Kathleen, and God bless you child ; and mark you to his holy grace and amen."

Away ran Kathleen with the speed of a frightened doe, and old Nona pursued her soliloquy. "Well" as I said before, "the Lord bless us and keep us, I am afraid there is something bad over some one in the neighbourhood—Heaven preserve Ulick Maguire and his family at any rate, for they are good."

Ulick Maguire was a farmer in Nona's neighbourhood, who married about six months previous an interesting girl to whom he had been long attached, and by whom he was tenderly beloved. He was in very happy circumstances, and generally esteemed by those around him as an obliging neighbour and a good, sensible, well conducted young man. Mary, his handsome wife, was sitting, in a melancholy posture with her head leaning on her palm, by the fire side, when old Nona made her appearance at the cottage door.

"God bless and save this house and all that's in it, and all that's out of it belonging to it ; may neither sickness, sorrow, trouble, or uneasiness ever enter under the roof," said Nona, devoutly crossing herself as she entered.

"You're welcome Nona," said Mary, "sit down here and rest yourself."

"Well child," said Nona, taking a seat opposite the young woman, and looking earnestly and anxiously into her face ; "what is it that troubles your mind?—You don't look to-day like the smiling girl, I saw here on Sunday last—but tell me, what is it that troubles you."

"Oh! Nona, I had such a horrid dream last night that I think still that it is half real it terrified me so ; my heart is beating fearfully yet."

"Dreams my child," said the sagacious old woman "often come from God ; but there are many which we do wrong in attending to ; indeed almost every one, so don't let this trouble you."

"But Nona, this was such a one as I never dreamed before in my whole life ; it makes me shudder even now ; but I will tell you Nona, and you are a wise woman to judge for yourself. I thought I was on the road by *Shemus dhu more* O'Flanagan's, (big black James) who you know was courting me a long time, and was so very mad when I married Ulick that he vowed he'd have revenge ; and though the priest told him the sin of it, and the badness of what he said, still he is a dark *budhough* (churl) and wont forget : well I thought I was there, and that I had a beautiful hound along with me that I was very fond of, and that a great raven dashed at him and killed him in an instant ; and that he then tore out his bowels and flew away with his heart. I then thought I was running home when I met a funeral and all the people sprinkled with blood ; and a stream of blood flowed from the coffin down to the ground. I thought they stooped me and laid the coffin at my feet, that they opened the lid and shewed me Ulick all murdered, and his heart tore out. I was so frightened that I awoke and I can't content me to do even my business about the house."

"The Lord preserve all we wish well," said Nona, "and keep them out of the hands of their enemies and—" here she was interrupted by Paudien, a poor harmless idiot, Ulick's first cousin, whose parents were dead ; he lived with Ulick and was attached to him with that degree of fondness which a dog bears his master. Paudien thrust his face in at the door, with that unmeaning grin which betrays the imbecile being who is deprived of reason.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he mirthfully exclaimed.

"Riddle me, riddle me right,

Tell me what I dreamt last night?

All the birds in the air, all the fish in the sea,
Couldnt tell me what's that dream to-day."

"Oh, Paudien go away," said Mary, "your breakfast is not ready yet avick, go away like a good boy"

"Let him alone," said Nona, "till we hear what he says about his dream."

"Did you dream too?" he asked as he advanced cautiously inside the door; then recognising Nona, "the queen ov the fairies scather a shower of blessings on you."

"There was an ould woman that lived alone,
Alone, alone,
She'd a cat, three ducks and a hen, all her own,
Her own, her own."

"But I'll venture to gether a bag ov misheroons (mushrooms) as big as the horn of Knockaree for any ov you's that 'ill guess my dream."

"Come Paudien," said Nona soothingly, "come like a good boy and tell me your dream? to me Paudien."

"Ha! ha! ha! pusheen cat,
God bless your sow! and gi'me that."

"Well then I'll tell you—listen to it all ; listen I say!"

"His beak was dropping with warm gore,
The bowels from out the good hound he tore ;
With his raven wing he flapped his prey,
Then he croaked and flew with the heart away."

"Then again, are you's listenin'?"

"Then there came a coffin and pall,
With a crowd, and bearers, and keeners, and all,
And blood was sprinkled on all around,
And streamed from the coffin along the ground."

"Oh, Nona dear," said Mary convulsively seizing the old woman's hand, "my very dream! as I live and breathe there is something in such dreaming ; you look sad too Nona, what do you think?"

"Make yourself easy," said Nona, "he might have been listening to you telling me about it. The dream itself is certainly an ugly one I acknowledge, but then God is good and merciful, and you are too good Mary, and Ulick's too good to deserve the Almighty's anger, so don't fret child ; but put your trust in him that never deceives, and pray to him to turn away any evil that may hang over you." Thus Nona sought to calm the agitation of the trembling girl, catching even at the shadow of a probability to hide the fears that rose in her bosom, and the evident alarm created by the coincidence of Mary's fearful dream with that of the innocent Paudien. Still Mary was uneasy ; thoughts that she could not control forced themselves on her :

"A secret grief was at her heart."

Secret even to herself.—

Ulick came in to his breakfast, and observed Mary silent and sad, though she was evidently forcing herself to taste the victuals ; but he soon perceived the efforts she was making to appear even easy.

"Mary dear," he tenderly enquired, "what is it that makes you so downcast this morning? has there any thing occurred to fret you? you don't look so pleasant as you used to do ; why don't you take your breakfast, Mary dear?"

"I can't Ulick, I can't eat ; my heart is full and my mind's uneasy ; I can't eat any thing this morning."

"Well tell me Mary, what troubles you, you know I can't bear to see you so ; and Mary if you love me (here his tone assumed a something of earnestness,) and Mary, looked up in his face anxiously and reprovingly yet tenderly, "and I know you do," he added mildly, "tell me what it is that has made your heart full?"

"Oh! Ulick," she sighed, "I am very foolish I believe, and I shouldn't give way to half the fancies that come into my weak head ; but you have sense Ulick, and won't mind what a poor giddy girl like me thinks ; but don't laugh at me ; tell me I am wrong, but don't laugh at me when my heart is sorrowful."

"No Mary dear," tenderly replied the now alarmed husband, "I won't laugh at you ; but for heaven's sake don't keep me in this state any longer ; if it is any thing bad tell me at once ; I am thinking of fifty things ; what is it that makes you miserable, and makes me miserable looking at you?"

"Oh! Ulick, I was dreaming about you last night a terrible bad dream, and I was so frightened that I sent for Nona na bocough this morning, and she says—"

"Psha! and is that all," interrupted Ulick, "and aren't you or oughtn't you to be ashamed to give way to such fooling, and to alarm and frighten people from their breakfast with such childish nonsense that even the onfedhaun Paudh wouldn't think of such things."

Here Paudien thrust in his whimsical physiognomy and sung in his wild strains.

"His beak was dropping with warm gore,
The bowels from out the good hound he tore;
With raven wing he flapped his prey,
Then he croaked and flew with the heart away."

"Ha! ha! ha! who'd think the ugly prehaun (raven or crow) could kill such a purty dog all out! but where was Shemus dhu more and his gun?—fire! ha! ha! ha!

"Then there came a coffin and pall,
With a crowd and leeners and keeners and all;
And blood was sprinkled on all around,
And it streamed from the coffin along the ground."

"There now listen to that—see if poor Paudien hasn't been dreaning the very thing that I dreamed: O, Ulick! there is something in this—there is a heavy cloud hanging over me that I can't account for, I am so much afraid!"

"Well, well, sure no one ever heard the like!—a woman and a fool—get out of that you rhyming omedhaun, and if I catch you out of the corn field this day I'll lay the black thorn on your lazy back."

"Oh! Ulick, don't speak cross to him the creature—the hand of God is heavy on him, and he's so quiet and harmless that no one could have the heart to hurt him."

"Well, for God's sake, Mary, let me have no more of this; I'm going to the fair, so make yourself easy till I come back—you know I'll be home early."

The fair was held in a little town, about two miles from the house of Ulick Maguire; his business was but of a trifling nature, and he expected to be soon home; but the meeting with one friend or another delayed him, and the night was falling fast and darkly, when Ulick turned to retrace his way to his own comfortable fire-side—but he never reached it alive:—yes, it is useless to conceal the thing for the sake of effect, Ulick was murdered that very night.

"Poor Mary was anxiously expecting him the whole evening—night fell and she could not conceal her fears:—hour after hour passed, still no sign of Ulick, and she became more and more alarmed; she proceeded to the town with one of the servant boys and the girl Kathleen; they inquired at every place where it was likely he might have called during the day, but they only heard that he was seen leaving the town in the evening by himself. They came home again—the night passed, a sleepless night with Mary—the morning dawned, no sign of Ulick, all was wonder and alarm. But what can paint their astonishment and horror? what words that I could use can convey an adequate idea of the scene, when poor Paudien leapt from his bed, and exclaimed, with all the energy he was capable of using—

"Ulick is kilt!—Shemus dhu more kilt him, and buried him under the new ditch at the back of the garden: I dhrreamt it all last night, every word of it. Now the ugly prehaun done his duty."

The neighbours crowded in; some went to a magistrate, and informed him of the mysterious affair; he came to the house, and heard the story from the distracted Mary. The new ditch at the back of O'Flanagan's garden was quickly levelled, and, beneath a certain part, the body of Ulick Maguire was discovered, with the skull nearly severed in two: search was made, but in vain, for O'Flanagan, he had absconded.

The murderer is destined never to enjoy peace; waking or sleeping, his conscience acts the conjuror to his terrified imagination, bringing up in dreadful array the varied scenes of horror and crime in which he has been engaged. So it was with James O'Flanagan, who, after making his escape, pursued his way to Dublin, where he enlisted in the — regiment of foot, then on the point of embarking for England. But he was a man different in manners and appearance from his light-hearted, frank, gay, and careless comrades, with whom he mixed but little; he never joined in their drinking bouts—shared in their noisy revel, or took part in their gleesome mirth. Reserved and dark, he appeared apart from the rest coiled up in himself—a shadow seemed to rest on him. He seldom smiled, and when he did, it was the heartless corrugation of bitterness, without the slightest brightening of pleasure. His nights were disturbed and restless; his sleep broken and unrefreshing, often starting with a wild terrific scream from his horrifying dreams. His moody manner was at first remarked by his comrades as strange, and would wear away, or they thought his melancholy occasioned by sorrow for leaving those who were dear to his heart. But when some months passed

away, and when instead of being in some degree reconciled to his new life, or making free with the companions of his barrack-room by day, and his guard-watch by night, he became more apathetic and morose, they shunned him as a man who had some hidden crime weighing on his mind, though what that might be, they of course could not tell.

One night he was on guard with some twenty Grenadiers, (the company to which he belonged;) those who were not actually at their post, were assembled round a blazing fire, telling old stories of their young home-days, or chatting of their old adventures by "flood and field." O'Flanagan did not join the group; he lay extended in silence and alone on the guard bed.

"Come, Dick Anderson, give us a song, we'll all go noddin', like Jim Flanagan there, if you don't sing us something to rouse us," said one of the men, to a young hale Englishman with a fair brow, who sat enjoying the fumes of his pipe, with all the gusto of an epicure.

"Then by gom, you shall wait Jack, till I ha' gotten this yere smoke to an end; I have no notion as how a man can sing and smoke a pipe at one time.

"Whistle, and chaw male," said a deep sonorous Irish brogue-tipped voice in the corner.

"Why, that's true Dick," said the man who first made the request, "take your whiff—pull away my hearty," and Dick enjoyed his pipe some minutes longer.

"I say, comrades," said another, "did you hear the news?"

"No," said one, "what?" said another, "why," said the first, "I hear there's a man to be flogged to-morrow, three hundred on the bare back."

"Who is he?" asked one, "what did he do," inquired another.

"Why, he kept a pipe in his mouth till he smoked it down to the very bottom," answered the first, such being contrary to the general rules and regulations, the standing orders, and mutiny act, and conduct unbecoming a soldier and a man."

Dick quietly resigned his pipe to this indirect claimant.

"Come now Dick, let us have a verse my son, your own favourite."

"Why now," said Dick, "I think I feel as though I should loike to have a drink of water."

"Come fetch Dick the bucket," and with a draught long and deep he slaked his thirst.

"Now," said Dick, "the very best day of my life I should prefer a good pull of yale to that there pure sort of stuff."

"Ay, ay, Dick, we dont doubt you, but let us have the song," and Dick after a few hems to clear his pipes, with a full harmonious voice trolled forth this merry ditty.

SOLDIERS' SONG.

Come my love—O come with me,
And Oh! how happy we shall be;
O'er the mountain—o'er the sea,
We'll rove along so merrily.
Woe, shall never come us nigh,
Sorrow always pass us by;
Leaving reckless as the wind,
Care a long day's march behind.
Hark the bugles blithely play,
Come, with thy soldier, come away;
To let me go alone's a sin,
Life's campaign let both begin;
Thine eye shall be my banner star,
My hope, my fortune in the war;
My pride, my glory all shall be,
A look, a smile, a kiss from thee.
Hark the sprightly fife and drum,
Call thee away, come then love come;
Tho' the battle plain may be our bed,
My cloak the curtain round us spread—
Scathe nor danger need'st thou fear,
My love, my life, I'll still be near;
Ten thousand hearts but half thine own,
Are not worth one that's thine alone.
Our care but small, our wants but few,
Thy pillow still this bosom true;
Fond and constant at thy side,
Harm nor hurt shall thee betide;
All things sweet I'll thee provide,
If thou wilt be thy soldier's bride;
And bliss shall smile, and honor shine,
When I think my love that thou art mine."

"Bravo Dick—that you may never lose the use of your voice."

"Bravo, bravo!" was echoed from all quarters.

Still O'Flanagan lay extended motionlessly on the guard-bed, undisturbed by the noisy mirth around him.

"Now," said Dick Anderson, with the tone of one who has a right to make a demand, "I should loike very well

to hear Moran there, spin us a yarn about them ere fairies, and such loike folk as he knows so well about."

"No excuse Moran, you heard Dick's song, and you must give him a story; out with it old boy." "Oh!" said another, "let him alone for that, Moran was never backward in his part where fun or fighting was going on."

"Well, an sure boys," began Moran, with all the readiness of his nation, and the rich *patois* of a Connaught brogue, "myself id be sorry to refuse you's any thing in reason, when we're so reg'lar entirely.—Now I'll tell you's about an aunt's cousin, ov my own, and what happened him one night. Do you's know where Lough Corrib is? O, the sorra know I suppose; well iv you's dont, I do; and that I'll do for us all, so you's all know Lough Corrib now as well as I do. Well, there was a young man once upon a time, coortin a purty young girl ov course, they were coortin for a long time, and used to meet every night in a shweet little spot down by the lake. But to make my long story short, the big blackguard decaved the crethur, 'till she didn't know what id become ov her. 'Will you marry me Teady jewell,' says she one night, 'an I in the condition I am in?' 'Divil a bit at this presint, Aileen,' says he; 'I'm goin to go to England, but maybe it id do phen I come back.' 'Well becomes her,' says she; 'I'll go to Father Luke, an he's my cousin Biddy's aunt's daughter's second cousin's son, and you'll see iv he won't do somethin on you, you bad man.' With that you see, Teady got frikened, and then he grew vexed, and that I may never enther a sentry box, but the villian murdered her on the spot, and threw her into the lake."

Here O'Flanagan started to his feet, with a deep hoarse smothering groan of agony, and wildly exclaimed "O God!"

The soldiers stood up alarmed, and inquired what was the matter? "nothing, nothing," said he, recovering his self possession; and he lay down quietly again, and Moran resumed his tale.

"Well, you see, afther the devil temptin Teady that way, he got no rest or pace, for she used to be hauntin him day and night; and one night as he was goin in his cot to a little island across the lake, who should he see comin sailin afther him like the wind, but the poor anforthenate Aileen that he murdered, an she all bloody. He shouted meelua murder—but the divil a use it was, for she jumt into the boat, and the minit she got in she caught hold of him, and down sank the boat in the middle ov the wather, an he or it was never seen afther."

Flanagan again leapt up all wild and terrified; his large fur cap hung behind at the back of his head; the strap which fastened it under his chin had slipt up to his forehead, his eyes and teeth were set in terror, and his hair stood erect."

"For God's sake," he imploringly screamed, "have done—say no more. My God, my God," apostrophising himself, "what will become of me."

The serjeant, a keen old veteran, fixed his penetrating eye steadily on O'Flanagan, and observed with astonishment the workings of his countenance. O'Flanagan caught his eye on him, and quailed beneath its searching glance: he appeared confused for a moment, but mastering his emotions with a strong effort, he continued, "my God! what a horrid dream I've had—I'm not right even yet;" and he paused as if recollecting his scattered thoughts. "No," said the serjeant, "I dare say not, nor will be for some time; a mind ill at ease gives frightful dreams."

"What do you mean?" said Flanagan fiercely, *my mind* is at ease; yes," he added, lowering his high tone. "my mind is quite at ease."

"Why," said the serjeant, "I mean what I say just; but few folks say what they mean as I do, and I always suspect people to be either fools or knaves who act different from other men, without having some good reason for what they do."

"Psha-a!" said O'Flanagan, assuming a manner half careless and half contemptuous, and again extended his length in silence and darkness on the guard-bed.

Nods and winks were exchanged among the men, and half whispered surmises went round, little to the credit of O'Flanagan.

The conversation gradually flagged round the fire, till at last it ceased entirely. The song of the singer was

done, and the story-teller was silent for the night. The weary watchmen began to slumber about the fire, now waxing faint and dim, and the candles were fitfully flickering in their sockets, throwing the shadows of the herculean group in gigantic figures on the opposite wall. Jem Flanagan was sleeping alone, and entirely in the shade of the cold guard-bed; but his slumbers were broken and disturbed; he moaned painfully, and a slight convulsive shivering ran through his frame; his breathing became thick, short, and heavy; his moaning gradually grew loud and long, till at last extending into one wild terrific unnatural shriek, O'Flanagan again stood erect panting and motionless; the flicker light exhibited his features pallid and distorted as he screamed in horror-conveying yells—"who said I killed Ulick Maguire?—who called me a murderer?—eh?"—and the last sound seemed to expire hollowly and fearfully in the uttering.

"Ha," said the serjeant, "is that the quarter the land lies; my fine fellow, I think I am right still."

"What is that you say?" asked O'Flanagan frantically; "was it you that said it? was it you that dared to call me a murderer?—there,"—and with one desperate blow, he felled the veteran to the earth.

He was soon overpowered, and made a prisoner. The serjeant next morning made a formal report of the transactions of the night. The colonel inquired the time O'Flanagan joined the regiment: "exactly the 25th of August last" answered the clerk.

"Let me have the hue-and-cry of that week," said the colonel; it was handed him, and he examined it with attention. He then proceeded to the prisoner's cell, accompanied by the serjeant and one or two of the officers.

O'Flanagan stood before him without changing a feature; he was much altered in his appearance, by even one night; his face was pale, his lip was compressed, and his look firm and determined, yet tempered with something like calm resignation.

"Flanagan," said the colonel, "you are from —"

"I am," said O'Flanagan, coldly and collectedly.

"Listen, while I read," said the colonel; O'Flanagan inclined his head, and bent his eyes on the ground.

"On the night of the 12th of August, on his return from the fair of —, a farmer named Ulick Maguire, was barbarously and inhumanly murdered, and a man accused of the murder named James O'Flanagan, otherwise Shemus dhu more O'Flanagan, has since absconded. The said O'Flanagan, is about 6 feet 3½ inches in height, black hair, dark complexion, and —."

"You need read no more, colonel," interrupted the prisoner, "I am the man."

"You are an unfortunate man then," said the colonel "and I am sorry I can't do any thing for you."

"I thank you Sir, but I don't want you to do any thing for me," said O'Flanagan firmly. "I couldn't live with the load of such a crime bending me through life.—I thought to live—I thought time might relieve me of the burden; but I daily grew worse and worse. I don't wish to live; I couldn't live *now*. Day and night *he* was before my eyes mangled and bloody; now my life will pay for his, and I am satisfied to give it up; but I wish to be alone, as my bosom is relieved of its fearful secret."

The soldier who brought O'Flanagan his dinner, found him calm and easy; he merely requested a drink of water. Next morning the constables came to receive him from the military; they opened the cell, but Shemus dhu more O'Flanagan was a lifeless corpse: they found him hanging by his braces out of a clothes rack, and the chair on which he mounted was lying broken against the wall, on the opposite side of his cell, with such violence and determination did he kick it from under him.

He was buried that evening in the dark, and without the honors of a soldier.

J. L. L.

Note.—It may be necessary to say here, that all the circumstances detailed above, are strictly true.

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